



My hippy friends, Doug and Barbara, taking their Saturday night bath in 1966. Doug was a standard-normal crazed artist, and Barbara was a very bright Art History Ph.D. student at UCLA, who never got her doctorate because, she said, she refused to have sex with one of her professors. This picture is one of a series shot in the Quonset hut they lived in. It was made out of tin and must have been 120 degrees Fahrenheit inside in the summer. To fill the tub, they first had to heat many pots of water on the stove.

Norman Breslow, 2012 nbreslow@aol.com shmedling.com

Now part of a series of 17 or 22 photos, depending on how you count.



Snapshot of Saint Stephanie in 1967- Almost no photographer born after 1960 will get the joke.

I only marry or get involved with Saints. It's a survival technique. Any woman who remotely reminds me of my mother or sister I run like Hell from.

Saint Stephanie was like the other saints I have been blessed to know. Of course, I feel I should have been more thoughtful and better to her, which is how I feel about the other Saints I have known. Just a way for me to torture myself from time to time.

The other Saints I have either married or lived with were strong enough to take good care of themselves, both financially and psychologically, so I have not "worried" about how they fared after we went our separate ways. But Saint Stephanie was vulnerable, and I truly hope she has had a good life, and met a good man who was what she deserved. Really, she was a Saint.

(Any woman who puts up with me for more than a week is a Saint, if she is also kind, loving, nurturing, gentle, and not vicious or malicious. And who isn't angry.)

Norman Breslow 2012
nbreslow@aol.com
shmedling.com

Now part of a series of 17 or 22 photos, depending on how you count.



1968 These two pictures are of Gretchen, who was a student and friend of mine at Art Center during the 1960's. She was a design student with an off-the-scale level of visual taste. She was also overly nice, and I suspect, an empath. At every party she attended, everyone ended up standing or sitting within a few feet of her, because being physically close to her made them feel better.

She was happy to do me a favor and pose for the nude on the railroad tracks out in the California desert. I mentioned when we were on our way home that I was glad the outlaw bikers looking at us from a nearby hill didn't swoop down and take my expensive borrowed camera. She replied that she was kind of hoping they would swoop down on us and... You know, that standard female fantasy.

Norman Breslow 2012

nbreslow@aol.com

Now part of a series of 17 or 22 photos, depending on how you count.



Left: A snapshot of Tom at his Art Center graduation party in 1967 or '68. Middle and Right: Tom at Venice Beach, CA in 1970, after working for two years as an Art Director on low budget Hollywood films. Shortly after taking the pictures on the right, I called Tom when I was being particularly depressed, and asked him why some people seemed to do well in life, and others, like me, didn't. Tom replied that they HAD to do well, because they were majoring in three dimensional reality. He said that he didn't have to do well, because he was only auditing the course. (The last I heard, Tom was a big shot at a major NYC advertising agency.)

This picture now part of a series of 17 or 22 pictures, depending on how you count. Norman Breslow, shmedling.com

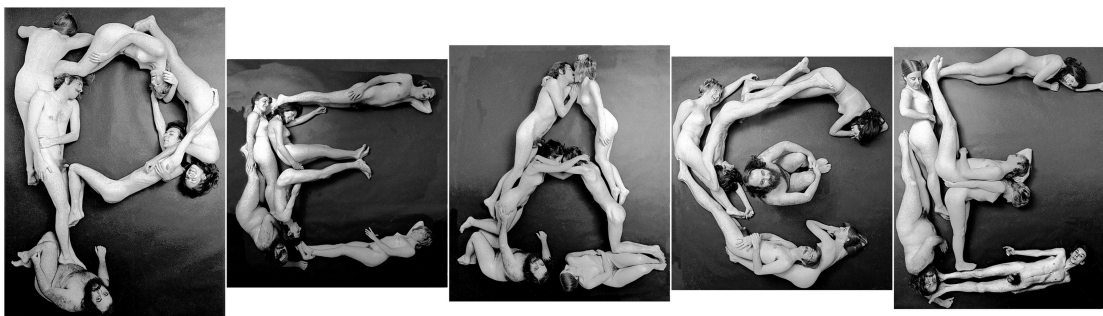


This is Midge in 1967. She told me Midge was short for midget, 'cause she was short. I didn't know her before taking these pictures. She was living with my good friend Pat and her mother, Esther, in Esther's rented house in Brooklyn N.Y. Pat and Esther "rescued" Midge, or at least tried to, from the commune she was living in in San Francisco. Midge was unmarried, and 'way back then, unmarried pregnant women were kinda like outcasts. Well, not in the hippy subculture, but Pat and Esther wanted more for Midge than being part of the free love and drug counterculture.

A few years after these pictures were taken, Pat told me that Midge wrote me a letter and asked Esther to mail it to me. Esther read it and decided not to mail it. Midge was asking me to take her to Los Angeles and free her from the stifling-boring life she was living with Pat and Esther. When I didn't come and rescue her, Midge left for parts unknown.

Norman Breslow, 2012

Now part of a series of 17 or 22 photos, depending on how you count.



1970 Christmas card. Ummm, ya see, Saint Nancy and her sister Judy and Judy's husband David and I were sitting around trying to think of something different to do for the Holidays. Judy and David had brought two friends with them, whose names I don't remember. I thought making a unique Christmas card might be interesting. Unfortunately, home video cameras weren't around then, 'cause it would have been marvellous to have made a video of the shooting of the card.

Ya see, I had to figure out how to attach my camera to the ceiling, and had to put a seamless background on the floor, and then I had to arrange the now naked models into a letter, and then I had to climb a ladder and set the camera to shoot on a ten second delay, and then I had to climb down the ladder and move the ladder out of the way and place myself where I thought I should be, and wait the remaining second for the camera to make the exposure, and then repeat the above for each letter. I/we also had to think up a second arrangement of bodies for the second E.

Oh, David is the tall man, and the emaciated man is his friend. After the pictures were made and the others went about their lives, I spent the next week making lots of prints of individual letters and mounting them on cardboard, and giving a bunch to each of the models. We then put the appropriate letters into envelopes and mailed them off to friends. I know they were liked because I was asked to make additional letters so more cards could be sent out.

Norman Breslow nbreslow@aol.com

(Now part of a series of 17 or 22 photos, depending on how you count.)



1983 Some snapshots of Saint Jill, my second wife, who eventually divorced me, just as Saint Nancy did many years earlier. UL: St. Jill taking a break from studying, UR: St. Jill in an even more relaxed moment, LL: St. Jill proud of herself for climbing a boulder on our honeymoon, LL+1: St. Jill getting ready to sit on the boulder, LL+2, "Ouch!", LL+3: "Ouch!, That really hurts!"

I met St. Jill when we were both undergraduate psychology students. She was 23 and I was 38. After a few months, we started living together. When she was 24, she asked me to marry her. I said no. She asked why? I told her that I wouldn't consider her to be an adult until she was 25. She said the equivalent of "Okay, fine", and four days after her 25th birthday we got married. She arranged everything- where, when and how. All I had to do was show up and say "I do". And I was happy and proud to do so.

Norman Breslow 2012

nbreslow@aol.com

Now part of a series of 17 or 22 photos, depending on how you count.



Two photos of Saint Pat I took in 1967. I took a three week break from working on my college degree in photography in Los Angeles, and returned to New York to see old friends and soak up some Big Apple energy. Golly gee, N.Y. was dirtier and noisier than I remembered, and more crowded, and the people were ruder.

Pat was my first girl friend, or more accurately, my first female friend. We were best friends for many years, and didn't get around to having sex with each other until a few years after these pictures were made. She had been living in San Francisco for some time in a commune her brother started in the Hashbury area, and had loads of stories to tell. She told me that her mother, Esther, was also in San Francisco during that time, and went to the commune every day to clean up after the hippies and cook them nourishing food, but Esther refused to live there because unmarried people were having sex and they refused to close the bathroom doors when they used the toilet. So Esther kept her eyes down a lot when there.

Norman Breslow nbreslow@aol.com

Now part of a series of 17 or 22 photos, depending on how you count.



2002 "Maya" Trying to make a complex situation not complex: These are self posed portraits of a girl who calls herself Maya, a few days after her 18th birthday. She read a free ebook I had posted somewhere on the Internet a few years before these pictures were taken, and she fell in love with one of the characters. She lived near me, and desperately wanted to meet him, and get sexually involved with him. Since she was so young, I told her to "back off", and came up with the strategy that I'd meet with her and take her picture for her 18th birthday present. She arrived with a girlfriend as a chaperone, so I guess she stopped being infatuated with the character. And I had my third wife Saint Gladys to protect me from Maya if needed. Obviously, Maya has a submissive personality. Since the character she was infatuated with had a dominant personality, maybe she was still a bit smitten with him.

Now part of a series of 17 or 22 photos, depending on how you count. nbreslow@aol.com shmedling.com



1983 Photo of Saint Jill on our wedding day, at Point Lobos (Big Sur) California. I had this on various walls for me to look at for many years, and it wasn't until recently that I noticed it, or more accurately, them. Do you see it/them?

I think that for many years I just looked at Saint Jill.

Now part of a series of 17 or 22 photos, depending on how you count. 2012, nbreslow@aol.com shmedling.com